



## UNDER THE SNOW.

The cold, cold snow! the snow that lies so white!  
The moon and stars are hidden, there's neither warmth nor light;  
I wonder, wife—I wonder, wife—where Jeanie lies this night.  
  
'Tis cold, cold, cold, since Jeanie went away;  
The world has changed, I sit and wait, and day,  
The house is silent, silent, and my hair has grown so gray;  
'Tis cold, cold, wife, since Jeanie went away.  
  
And tick! tick! tick! the clock goes evermore;  
It chimes me, wife—it seems to keep our child beyond the door.  
I watch the freight shadows as they float upon the floor,  
And tick! tick! tick! wife the clock goes ever more!

'Tis cold, cold, cold—'twere better she were dead,  
Not that I liked the Minister, and the bitter things he said—  
But to think my lassie can't find a place to lay her head;  
'Tis cold, cold, cold, wife—better she were dead!

The cold, cold, snow! the snow that lies so white!  
Beneath the snow her little one is hidden, out of sight,  
But, up above, the wind blows keen, there's neither warmth nor light.  
I wonder, wife—where Jeanie lies this night?

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

## A POMPEIIAN BIRD SHOP.

A correspondent of the London *Times*, in describing the contents of a chamber just opened in excavating the ruins of ancient Pompeii, writes:

No sooner was the excavation of this chamber commenced, than a number of bronze and terra cotta vessels, bronze fibulae, bracelets and rings, iron keys, kitchen utensils, and other articles of household use, were found almost in a heap together near the door, and among them a considerable number of small earthenware pots, which I somewhat incredulously heard described as drinking cups for birds; but there soon followed abundant proof that this had been the shop of a seed merchant and seller of singing birds, and very little imagination was required to see the place as it was the day before the fatal eruption of '79. At first the room seemed to have been a mere receptacle for a miscellaneous collection of bronze and earthenware objects. There was no special character about it. The walls bore no traces of painting, but, as the clearing was continued, to the left of the door on entering a heap of millet seed was found, so carbonized that on taking up a handful it flowed between one's fingers, for every grain was separate and distinct. It was taken away in basketfuls. Close to this a quantity of hemp seed, and of what appeared to be small beans in the same well-preserved condition, were found, and among them considerable fragments of the sacks in which they had been kept, the fibre and texture clearly distinguishable. Behind these heaps and against the wall more seed was dug out, mixed up with pieces of carbonized wood, iron hinges and nails, and some iron hoops, evidently the remains of small barrels and bins which had been ranged on this side, while along the opposite wall a double row of terra-cotta olla for holding grain was gradually revealed. Suddenly there arose a cry, "un ossa," "un scheleto," and the excitement became intense; but the bones were small—at first they seemed mere fragments, but then the Director exclaimed, amid quicksilver following laughter, "A chicken." Here the filling in had become somewhat solidified, and as it broke apart a complete skeleton was revealed. It was that of a little singing bird, entirely imbedded in the mass, and near it were fragments of other tiny bones. There could be no longer any doubt that the use of the little terra-cotta pots had been correctly described. It became clear why so many of them were found there; and that the number of plain bronze rings of about an inch and a half in diameter, and pieces of fine chain work discovered, had been used for hanging bird-cages. But what connection had all these bronze vessels and ornaments near the door with a seed and bird-seller's shop? This also soon became evident.

As the excavators continued further into the room, great masses of carbonized beams of wood were found, each somewhat inclined downward, and among them a quantity of fragments of intonac and stucco wall-facing, colored porphyry, with a border of green and white. These were at once seen to be the remains of the floor of the room above with some of the plastering of its walls, and from the direction in which the beams were lying, it was evident that the floor had given way in the middle and toward the door—of the shop below, precipitating the greater part of the contents of the upper room in that direction, the remainder falling towards the middle, and it was here the elegant long-stemmed candelabrum was found among the masses and fragments of carbonized wood. Did the worthy bird-seller live above his shop? Did this candelabrum and the bronze vase and other utensils form part of his domestic fortune? Who can tell? They were elegant in form, but for the most part unornamented, and not out of character with the requirements of a person of the condition. There were some finger-rings of bronze, but none of richer material; there was a strigil with a plain handle; there were women's bracelets and fibulae of delicate workmanship, but only of bronze, some glass beads and a delicate blue cup broken in pieces. The smaller terra-cotta vessels were all of the plainest workmanship. Among them were three small amphorae with flat bottoms, for standing on the table, and the bronzes were of the variety of size and form adapted to household purposes. Some were like jugs with one handle, others were in the form of flat oval tazzas with two handles, and one of these had two others of smaller size lying within it. There was one of the exact counterpart of a spit pot, several of flat shape, like casseroles, with a straight handle on one side, and some without handles, made of bronze soup plates.

Among other things I have not mentioned, found in this room, were a number of small bronze bells slightly depressed into a rectangular shape, like the tiny gold bell found on the Esquiline some years back, and which is so well known as the Marguerita bell from the number of copies made for ear-draps;

two double bronze ink stands, the chain and other fragments of a balance, bone paper-cutter—a knife of large size, with a bent blade like those used by gardeners—a small square Corinthian pilaster cap of marble, and in one corner of the shop against the wall the remains of a mensula. It may interest archeologists if I mention that the excavation was made in the insula parallel to that numbered five in the north region, according to Florelli's plan and the shop is entered from the Decumanus Major commonly known as the Strada de Nola, leading to the gate of that name.

## Washington Fifty Years Ago.

In those days it was no easy task to reach Washington from distant parts of the country, and the members of Congress from those localities used often to leave their homes three or four weeks before the opening of a session. A few performed the journey in their own carriages, and others rode saddle-horses, which they retained for their own use during the session and then sold. But a large majority of the Senators, Representatives, correspondents and claimants who went to Washington traveled in the stage-coaches, and there was always a great demand for seats just before the commencement of a session, on all the lines which centered at the capital.

Washington had then been called by an observant foreigner "the city of magnificent distances," an appellation which was well merited. There was a group of small, shabby houses around the navy yard and the marine barracks; another cluster on the river bank just above the arsenal, which was to have been the business center of the metropolis; and Pennsylvania avenue from the Capitol to Georgetown, with the streets immediately adjacent, was lined with houses, many of them with shops on the ground floor. The Executive Departments were located in four brick edifices on the corners of the square in the center of which was the White House.

Pennsylvania avenue—the Appian Way of our republic—was graded while Jefferson was President, at a cost of \$14,000; he personally superintended the planting of four rows of Lombardy poplars along that portion of it between the Capitol and the White House—a row along each curb-stone, and two equi-distant rows in the road-way, which was thus divided into three parts, like Unter der Linden, at Berlin. In the winter and spring the drive-way would be full of mud-holes, some of them axle-deep, and some of the cross-streets would be almost impassable beds of red clay, worked by passing horses and wheels into a thick mortar. On one occasion when Mr. Webster and a friend undertook to go to Georgetown in a hackney-coach to attend a dinner-party, the vehicle got stuck in a mud-hole, and the driver had to carry his passengers, one at a time, to the sidewalk, where they stood until the empty carriage could be pulled out. Mr. Webster, in narrating this incident, years afterward, used to laugh over his fears that his bearer would fall beneath his weight and ruin his dress suit. John Randolph used to call Pennsylvania avenue "the great Serbonian bog," and descend on the dangers of a trip over it, to or from the Union Hotel at Georgetown, in the large stage with seats on the top, called the "Royal George."

CURE OF DIPHTHERIA.—When a member of the family is attacked by this fearful disease, the best medical aid should at once be called. The danger is too great to allow this advice to pass unheeded. Indeed, even in apparently light cases, that appear to be progressing to a speedy and favorable termination, the patient often suddenly dies, and what are called the sequelae of the disease—its later effects on the organs and tissues of the body—frequently result in death, or protracted disorder and suffering. It will therefore be seen that intelligent professional treatment is necessary to prevent, if possible, such serious results. But in some cases a physician may be so far away as to render his assistance practically impossible. For such, we say there are three principal remedies. The first is the saturated solution of chlorate of potash, given in teaspoonful doses every hour. The French physicians rely largely on this. The second is chlorine-water diluted with from two to four times as much water. A prominent physician of Springfield, Mass., has for the last sixteen years found it almost uniformly effective. Prior to its use, he lost half his cases. The third remedy is sulphur. Dr. Field, of England, has obtained remarkable cures with it. His prescription is, we believe, to mix a teaspoonful of the flour of sulphur in a wine-glass of water, and give it as a gargle. If the patient is unable to gargle, blow some of the dry flour through a quill upon the diseased parts of the mouth and throat, or burn some of the sulphur on a live coal, and let the patient inhale its fumes; or, filling the room with the fumes, let him walk about and inhale them. The patient should always be kept warm, the bowels open, and the system well nourished with easily-digested food.

## Dakota Wheat Fields.

Of the four hundred million bushels of wheat produced in the United States, by far the largest portion is sown in the fall, and is called winter grain. The varieties are conditioned by soil and climate, the latitude of Milwaukee marking in general the northern boundary of winter's heat.

The area suited for the production of wheat sown in the spring hitherto has been of limited extent, but there is an undeveloped section of the country so wide and far-reaching that it may be regarded as the great summer wheat field of the future. Its capabilities are so vast, and insurance of production so certain, that the millions of the Old World may ever think of it as a land that will supply them with bread.

A traveler making the tour of the St. Lawrence and its connecting chain of Lakes, landing at Duluth, and journeying west over the Northern Pacific Railroad two hundred miles, beyond the forest region of the Upper Mississippi, will find himself on the eastern edge of this broad land of the future—the valley of the Red River, a stream flowing north

toward Lake Winnipeg, and thence to Hudson Bay.

In August, 1869, the writer of this article rode over this former hunting-ground of the Sioux, where through bygone ages they chased the buffalo and fought the Chippewas. The valley of the Red river was not a vast expanse. It was a reach of prairie unbroken by the plow. Our own voices or the song of the meadow-lark, plover and curlew, and other fowl, alone broke the solemn, and oppressive stillness of the solitude. At Georgetown the Hudson Bay Company had reared a house, and two or three settlers had set up their cabins upon the banks of the river. We encountered a man whose birth-place was in Virginia, who had been a frontiersman in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin—vidette

"Have you any neighbors?" we asked. "Oh yes; three families have just settled about twelve miles from here. They are getting pretty thick, and I shall have to move on, I reckon."

They have been getting thicker since, the locomotive is speeding its way across the valley, on the Missouri, and beyond to the Yellowstone; it is flying down the valley to Winnipeg, and soon it will thunder along the Saskatchewan, far away in the distant Northland. Farmhouses dot the landscape; towns have sprung up; the traveler beholds piles of lumber, long lines of farm wagons, ploughs, seeders, harrows, reapers, threshers, and farm engines at every railroad station. Marvelous the change: in 1869 a furrowless plain; 1879, a harvest of eight million bushels of grain ere long to be eighty million!—C. O. Coffin in *Harper's Magazine*.

## Suckers and Badgers.

The Madison (Wis.) *Journal* once printed an account of the origin of the great seal of the State of Wisconsin, and, in so doing, throws considerable light upon the causes that led to the adoption of the term "Suckers" for the people of Illinois, and that of "Badgers" for the inhabitants of Wisconsin. In 1835, before the present State of Wisconsin was organized as a Territory, the principal part of the population was confined to the military forts, missionary and trading stations, and the lead mines in the southwest portion of the Territory. The characteristic terms "Badger" and "Sucker" arose in the lead region, according to the historian in the *Journal*. The miners were of two grades—those who stayed the year round at the "diggings" and those people who came up from Illinois only to operate during the summer season. The permanent residents, having but little time or material to construct regular huts, were accustomed to burrow into hillsides or semi-subterranean cells large enough for bunking and cooking purposes. This peculiar mode of life, being similar to that of the badger—an animal then plentiful in the lead regions—suggested the term of "badger-holes," as applied both to the cave-like homes and the sunken shafts of the resident miners, while the latter themselves were termed "Badgers." On the other hand, the nomadic gentlemen who came up in the spring and returned in the fall from the great prairie State were called "Suckers," as their habits of coming and going were similar to those of that fish. Being in the diggings but a short season, they did not sink regular shafts and burrow under the earth along the mineral veins like the Badger, but opened large quarry-pits, seeking for float-ore and such as could be obtained along the surface. This singular legacy in her will: "Item—I leave to my dear entertaining Jacko (a monkey) £10 per annum during his natural life. Item—To Shock and Tib (a lap-dog and cat) £5 each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it happen that Shock died before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole."

A maiden lady who died in 1786 left the following singular legacies in her will: "Item—I leave to my dear entertaining Jacko (a monkey) £10 per annum during his natural life. Item—To Shock and Tib (a lap-dog and cat) £5 each for their annual subsistence during life; but should it happen that Shock died before Tib, or Tib before Shock, then, and in that case, the survivor to have the whole."

About 1770, there was living in London a tradesman who had disposed of eleven daughters in marriage, with each of whom he gave their weight in halfpence as a fortune. The young ladies must have been bulky, for the lightest of them weighed £50, 2 shillings and eightpence.

Her Dowry.

At the very moment when a French mademoiselle makes her appearance in the cause of humanity cannot too frequently be cited if we would see their great deeds emulated. The fearful epidemic, yellow fever, prevailed in Philadelphia in 1792. All who could fled. The horrors of the plague, as described by Defoe in his narrative of London, were realized in this American city. Friends, and even members of the same family, abandoned each other on the approach of danger. The poor were dragged off to Bush Hill Hospital, where, under panic and malpractice, few ever recovered. New York passed a legislative act to arrest and imprison any one, sick or well, male or female, coming from Philadelphia or suspected of so coming. Massachusetts passed a similar rigid law. In the midst of this terrible scourge it was announced that Stephen Girard, the wealthiest merchant of Philadelphia, had taken charge of Bush Hill Hospital, whence no one ever returned, and was engaged in shrouding the dying and interring the dead. He built a new house in the vicinity of the hospital and rented a barn to accommodate the patients who then crowded Bush Hill for cure. And, though Girard had been declared insane and reported dead, he still lived and kept well, and was soon after found on Fifth street in a large house, in which he installed sixty orphan children found in the streets, which proved to be the foundation of the Philadelphia Orphan Asylum.—*Washington Republic*.

The Baby Plant.

A pleasing botanical novelty is described by an Oregon paper under the name of "baby plant." It is said to be indigenous to Japan, and sometimes reaches the height of four feet. The flower is star-shaped, having five petals of handsome brown and yellow colors. The calyx encircles and protects a tiny little figure that bears an exact resemblance to a nude baby, its little arms and legs outstretched and the eyes distinctly marked. Hovering over this diminutive form is a small canopy, angel-shaped,

having extended arms, and wings, and peering closely into the face of the infant. The family of plants of which "the baby" is a member, produced not only the specimen now on exhibition, but also gives perfect imitations, if such they can be designated, of different animals, insects and birds. Mr. Mark Hopkins, of San Francisco, has one of the latter varieties, for which \$300 was paid. The plant grows to about three feet in height, when fully matured, and when in bloom the one now in this city will look like a shipwreck foundling hospital.

TELEGRAPHIC DISEASE.—Shoemakers who work in narrow and over-heated rooms and in bent and constrained positions are subject to consumption; the students having too much brain-work and too little out-door exercise, tends to dyspepsia; the farmer's wife, with farm cares added to her family cares, tends—more than any other class of persons—to insanity; the clergyman even has given his ministerial name to a throat-disease that is caused by bad location, undue exposure after speaking, and especially to spiritual, parochial and personal anxieties. These are among the old-fashioned diseases. New employments bring new ailments, and among these is "the telegraphic disease." Of course, it is only a small percentage of persons that show the morbid tendency of any employment. High health, based on a vigorous constitution, will, with a modicum of care, stand a very great amount of imprudence and exposure. The telegraphic disease comes mainly to females of a nervous organization—the very class that is most apt in telegraphy. The cause of the disease is close, unvarying attention. There is no room for automatic work. This acts steadily on a single part of the brain, affects it injuriously, and causes palpitations, vertigo, wakefulness, weakness of sight, and, later, depression, loss of memory, etc. There are two courses open to persons employed at telegraphy who find themselves thus affected. The first is to abandon the business. No present advantage can compensate for nervous disease. The second is to use their leisure hours so as to give complete rest to the exhausted portion of the brain. Company, amusement and entertaining books are specially healthful in this disease. The patient should also retire early, so as, if possible, to secure an abundance of sleep. As an aid against wakefulness, divert the blood from the head to the feet, by heating the feet in hot water just before retiring. Good, nourishing, easily-digested food is also necessary, with oat-meal and unbolted wheat-meal as part of the daily diet. Strong tea or coffee should not be used.

ECCENTRICITIES OF THE OLDER TIME.

Mr. J. Underwood, who died in 1733, left £6,000 to his sister on condition of being buried in the following manner: At the grave-side six gentlemen, who were appointed to follow him, sung the last stanza of the twentieth Ode of the second Book of Horace. No bell was tolled nor black worn; no one was invited but these six gentlemen; and no relation followed the corpse. The coffin was painted green, and the deceased was buried with his clothes on. With him were buried three copies of Horace, Bentley's Milton, and a Greek Testament. After supper, they sang the thirty-first Ode of the first Book of Horace, all being in strict accordance with the will.

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Dated April 7, 1878.

H. E. SARGENT, General Manager, St. Paul.

G. G. SANBORN, Gen'l P't and Ticket Agt., Superintendent, St. Paul.

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## SEA-WAVES.

BY COUSIN DORA.

*Life, O! gray mist, from the sea,  
Hide not one bright wave from me.  
Sea! 'tis lifting, and the sun  
Tips with glory ev'ry one.  
Watch each tiny wavelet play  
Up the sand, then back—away,  
Each the other lapsing o'er;  
Frollicking in waves, give  
Children of the grand sea-sa.  
Sea-waves, as ye come and go,  
Leave your ceaseless ebb and flow,  
I leave my earth-tired, weary feet;  
Eas'd their burning, cool their heat,  
Dissipate your white spray on my brow,  
It rests on me, and ye bear  
On your placid bosoms me.  
White-winged ships from many a clime,  
Carriet the fair sky there outlined,  
Andneath your cool waves so deep,  
Lazy sunshis bask and sleep;  
In your bright reflection there  
We've read the mermaids dress their hair.*

*But the scene is changing now,  
And each vessel dips her prow,  
Deep in waves as black as night—  
See them dashing in their might!  
The wind blows free and wild, and strong.  
The sea waves wildly dash along.  
Whirl and toss, then onward roll,  
Like a fierce course to the home,  
Up the red sands they leaping come;  
Then trailing back, they leave a line  
Of golden shells and green sea vines.  
So, O bright wavy! let me stand  
So I might up the sea and  
watch you with the moonbeams play  
Hills and seas, then dart away.*

*And you're beautiful, but when  
Darkness gathers o'er the main,  
And your billows tower on high  
Till they seem to reach the sky,  
You are grand, sublime to me,  
Wild, majestic, dear old sea.*

MADISON, CT.

## STRATFORD'S ROMANCE.

A Tale of Colonial Days.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Nov. 15.—Some days ago a gentleman made a thorough search among the mounds and broken down tombs of the old cemetery at Stratford for the grave of John Ruggles. He found one beneath which he was firmly convinced the bones of Ruggles lay, but his confidence was greatly shaken by the discovery of two others whose appearance and position so nearly corresponded with the description of the spot where Ruggles was buried, that he was obliged to go away in great doubt about the place. There is reason to believe he would have caused to put up a small shaft, with such an inscription as would have shown that Ruggles played a part in one of the revolts of the revolution. Ha! Benjamin Beach—who died when he was 97—was alive, the grave would probably have easily located. For Benjamin Beach—Uncle Ben the boy for a generation and a half called him—by reason of his own remembrance and especially because he had a father who suffered no matter of revolutionary times to fail or become traditional, had a good deal to say first and last in his lifetime about John Ruggles. It was from Uncle Ben that his neighbors, fifty years ago, learned that Lucy Stirling, of Sterling Castle, England, had sent a matter of £20 to America for a suitable tomb for John Ruggles, and Uncle Ben always insisted, with a mysterious expression in his eyes, that the man who got that twenty and four dollars fullfill his trust came to just the last end that might have been expected.

Now to the title that the old man used to tell about John Ruggles and Abby Folsom at Stratford is so well corroborated by history in some of its details, that gentlemen of a studious and anti-slavery turn have not hesitated to accept the whole of it. This is the story, which has never before been in print, and which I have been only able to gather through putting together traditions, and from what I heard out of the mouth of old Benjamin himself before he died.

John Folsom of Stratford was respected by the old men of that village because there was not a man from Dickerman's forge, on the New London turnpike, beneath the great East Rock in New Haven, to Ephraim Lang's elm-shade smithy in South Norwalk, who could begin to shoot a horse or bend a plow like him. He was also well esteemed as well as feared, because he was the most pronounced hater of King George the Third in all Haven colony. But in the eyes of the young men of that grim shaded village, and along the coast for ten miles each way from the Stratford tavern, there was no man better worth while to be friendly with than John Folsom, for he was the father of a girl who was so fair as to have fame on account of it, and who was so brave and so true to the cause that the Continental army was fighting for, that the young men, for sheer modesty and debasement of their own worth, stood aloof from her and admired her with the mutual admiration that men can share when none of them is preferred above the other.

By common consent, however, it was settled that the dark eyed Abby would be soon to marry young Silliman.

He was so brave that he had

been appointed by Gov. Trumbull, other

Brother Jonathan, and the Council of Safety a Major General and the Superintendent of the coast of the county of Fairfield.

They had seen young Silliman peeping over the high-backed pews of the Congregational church in Stratford at Miss Abby in a manner that the young men and young women of that day did not understand the meaning of. So although the blacksmith's daughter never looked to the right nor left—as she must have done to have seen anything except the Rev. Mr. Osgood, who was directly in front of her—still the young men felt that the son of Major Gen. Silliman, who gave promise himself of becoming with years as brave a fighter as his father, and, moreover, had favorable antecedents, and promise of future good fortune, barring the accidents of war, might not cast such eyes over the high-backed pews in vain.

One morning, when the clouds were just "feathering," and John Folsom was beating flint-lock muskets into shape on his anvil—with out charges, they being designed for the militia—John Ruggles rushed into the shop, and, with no thought of his buckskin small clothes, leaped upon the forge, so near to the cinders that it was a wonder that he did not feel the sting, and said:

"They've got the General of the armies and the lad."

"What is it now that you mean, John?" asked the blacksmith. Had anybody but John Ruggles rushed into the smithy in that manner and made such remark of a sudden, he would have heard how terribly John Folsom could speak when he had a mind to. But ever since John Ruggles had been stunned by a stroke of lightning, and was found in the lot sense-

less, with his coat and waist coat thrown over little Abby to save her from the rain and storm, John Folsom's words to him were as gentle as those of his gentle wife's, especially as the stroke had seemingly blotted out the greater part of John Ruggles' reasoning powers, as well as brightened the little that was left.

"The British came over the sound, I say, and they did enter the house of Gen. Silliman last night, while he was sleeping, and they took him and the boy in the small boat back to Long Island, where they will keep them as prisoners, if they don't shoot them first."

"The vengeance of God be upon them," shouted John Folsom, throwing down his hammer and bracing up his small clothes.

"Why, father, do you imprecate? What is the meaning of it?"

So said Miss Abby as she stood on the threshold of the shop, with a bunch of purple lilacs in one hand and some white ones in the other. She wore no bonnet, but instead, a cap that only partly concealed her thick dark hair. Her petticoat seemed to be of homespun, and was not long enough to hide a foot of which she was as proud as she ought to have been. Her father did not heed her, but went on down the main street in terrible excitement.

"Cause enough—cause enough to call for vengeance." These words came with a muffled tone, as if from the fire-place, but Miss Abby knew well enough who uttered them.

"Come now, I beseech you, John, tell me what this is that has stirred my father so greatly."

She seemed to be talking to John Ruggles' legs. He had, at the sound of her voice, thrust his head up one of the chimneys, so that an inch or so of his red waist-coat, his leather short clothes, and his woolen stockings were all that was left visible of him. But this Miss Abby took as a matter of course. For, from the day he had been struck by lightning, with little Abby in the lower meadow with him, he had avoided the sight of her face, so that he concealed his own in the places most easy of access when he came upon her suddenly. If he ventured into John Folsom's kitchen, he did not heed the gentle mother, who was said to have some of England's best blood in her veins; but so surely as Miss Abby came into the room, John would go to the cupboard or great open fire place, and once, being in need of haste, he thrust his head into the huge brick oven and took in the fragrance of mince pie while singing a song and talking to Miss Abby.

They had come, long years ago, to pay no attention to this, saying that it was a visitation from heaven, and remarking that "God moves in a mysterious way." But if John Ruggles could not bear to see Miss Abby, there was no person for whom he would sooner use his big muscle, either by way of walking, running, or digging paths in the snow so that she might safely venture to church in the winter season.

"Tell me, John, what is the meaning of this? Why does my father talk so carnally with Mr. Dickerman, and Mr. Peter Davenport, and with the other young men, as I see him now over on the meeting-house steps?"

"The British have taken away General Silliman and the boy," came in reply from the chimney, and then to the melody of "China" issued forth the first lines of the hymn beginning:

"Broad is the road that leads to death."

"Captured Gen. Silliman!" said Miss Abby, interrupting the melody, her eyes flashing. "Who did, and how? Tell me now, John Ruggles."

John told her as laconically as he had announced the abduction of the General to her father.

"Then he must be recaptured," said the fair Miss Abby, stamping her little feet.

"And he will be," came from the chimney.

Back from the meeting-house steps came John Folsom with a dozen men, young and old, about him.

"You will recapture the General and his son, father."

"With God's help," John Folsom answered.

"And you will help my father, I venture, Ezekiel Dickerman!" she said, to a young man whose figure was too large and symmetrical for his clothes.

"That we will," replied Ezekiel, for himself and the others.

"I pray you, if any of you have the acquaintance of the manner of capture, tell me, that we may know how best to act," said Miss Abby, with the decision of a commander.

"Not so, Abby. Go back to the house and assist your mother," John Folsom answered. "We will bring back the General."

"And his son," said Ezekiel, looking slyly at Miss Abby.

"And his son," said the other young men.

"But I must know it. I will. You, Ezekiel, you will not refuse me?"

Ezekiel put his three-cornered hat under his arm, and with more color in his face than a strong man ought to have, except while granting a favor to one so far as Miss Abby was, told her that Gen. Silliman was awakened the previous night, just after midnight. Eight men battered at his door as though they meant to break it. The General seized his musket, and was about to open fire on the eight men from one of the upper windows, and no doubt would have given one or two the contents of his musket had it not flashed in the pan. Before he could reprimand them they had broken in the windows, and had the old General seized and bound, and his son with him. Then they took the prisoners to the boat, by which they had come from Smithtown on Long Island, by command of Sir Henry Clinton, and carried them back to Smithtown; at least, Ezekiel thought they had taken the General and his son to Smithtown, beyond peradventure.

Now this was such an outrage that the young men of Stratford, when they heard of it, were for going at once with John Folsom as a leader to Long Island, and they said that they would either bring the General and his son back or leave their bodies at Stratford at a leisurely canter.

"That is nonsense."

"Who said that?" John Folsom asked.

"I did," said John Ruggles, who had come forth much the worse for soot, and who had his continental hat drawn well over his eyes and his back constantly to Miss Abby.

It may have been two years or a little less, after Cornwall's surrender at Yorktown, that two strangers passed down the main street at Stratford at a leisurely canter.

They pulled their horses down to a walk as they passed John Folsom's door, and he was glad they did so, for it gave him a chance to take such a look at good horseflesh as he delighted to take. Instead of going by, one of the gentlemen turned his horse toward the forge and then dismounted.

"Well, what would you do, Mr. John Ruggles," Ezekiel Dickerman asked.

"What did the British take him for? What will they give him up for? You can't capture him. They will take him to New York I venture. Can you get there? So it is nonsense."

"Tell us how John, what can we do," said Miss Abby, who was the first to see the force of John's suggestion.

"Go and get another man. Some man of repute, theirs. Then exchange."

"John is right, I venture," said John Folsom. "Let us make ready at once to seize such a man. What say you to sir Henry Clinton?"

"That effort would be of no avail," said Miss Abby. But methinks I have it. Did I not hear that the honorable Mr. Jones, who was a great judge in New York State, was so staunch a loyalist that he now lives with the king's army in Hempstead, somewhere across the sound from here? Go and take him, and see then how long they will keep him as prisoners."

"That is wisdom," said John Ruggles. "She is right. This Mr. Jones lives in Hempstead and fearing no capture can be captured."

"Who will go with my father," Miss Abby asked, "and show these British soldiers that there lives in New Haven colony men as brave and daring as any in their red uniform. I would I could do myself."

"Not less than ten young men, and one old man, Josiah Bishop by name, volunteered at once, but John Folsom objected to Mr. Bishop, "You are too old. The exposure and fatigue will be, peradventure, the death of you."

"No," said John Ruggles. "He who has the Grace of God and the asthma lives many years. Mr. Bishop has these." It was agreed that Mr. Bishop should go to take charge of the little sloop in which they purposed crossing the sound.

When they came to start a few days after, it having been deemed best to wait awhile and allay all suspicion. Gov. Trumbull, hearing of the expedition, gave it his sanction, but suggested that Capt. Daniel Hawley of Newfield, which town is now Bridgeport, be put in command, as one who was better acquainted with the towns and highways of Long Island than John Folsom was. To this the blacksmith and his daughter agreed, and the girl with her mates saw to it that the expedition started with no lack of provision or cartridges.

They set sail from Stratford one night before the moon was up, and by dawn came to anchor in a bay that must have been what is now known as Little Neck bay. This was not less than thirty miles from the Hon. Mr. Jones' house on Hempstead plains, but the Stratford men made their way to that house without discovery.

In the evening they silently approached it. Capt. Hawley, John Folsom, Ezekiel Dickerman, and another young man were to enter suddenly and seize Mr. Jones.

The others promised to remain outside and prevent a rescue. They found the house lighted, and could see through the windows the moving forms of men and women as they went through the figures of a cotillion. They heard music, too, and were satisfied that it was a night of merrymaking at the Hon. Judge Jones'.

Capt. Hawley knocked at the door. There was no response, and so he, with John Folsom burst it open, and the first man their eyes fell upon was Mr. Jones. They made short work of getting him out doors, albeit they were courteous to him. Meanwhile Ezekiel Dickerman, having the remembrance of young Silliman in his mind, made a young gentleman who was richly dressed a prisoner for the space of five minutes, and then lost him. At this Ezekiel was exceedingly grieved, for he believed he had a man of rank and title, and was so angry that he went back to the house and seized the first man he put his eyes upon, and a weak, inoffensive youth he was. But Ezekiel got a fair view of his first prisoner, and he said that the young man was as handsome in face and elegant in manner as he was in dress.

Capt. Hawley and John Folsom got back to Stratford with their prisoners in full time to take their accustomed places in the high-backed pews on Sunday morning. Gen. Silliman's wife would not hear of the Hon. Mr. Jones' confinement in jail, and begged that she might receive him at her house and treat him as her guest. Now, this Mr. Benjamin Beach the senior, always claimed was a great courtesy and honor, for in all the length and breadth of Connecticut there was no lady who was her superior as a hostess. But Mr. Jones was disposed to beullen and distant until he met Miss Abby Folsom, and this young lady's beauty, and her disposition kindly to tease him about the trick by which he was made a prisoner, brought his spirits back; and when the exchange was effected by which Mr. Jones went back to New York and Gen. Silliman was returned to his family, the dignified judge is said to have been very decided in his praise of the young beauty whom he met in Stratford. The report came back to Stratford that Mr. Jones had proposed the health of the fairest American rebel at the dinner party that he gave to celebrate his return.

"And be sure you come, John Folsom," he said. "The war is ended; let us be friends."

John Folsom was so greatly pleased with that sentiment that he went with the others to the grand dinner Mr. Silliman gave his would-be captors at the tavern, and of all the men who drank heavily and showed it, none drank deeper nor showed it less than John Folsom; and when Mr. Silliman rose and proposed the health of Miss Abby Folsom after the manner of Judge Jones, as he intimated, John Folsom felt that his cup of joy was full. The toast, however, led to a little conversation in an undertone between Ezekiel Dickerman and another youth, that John Folsom did not hear, but which Mr. Silliman did.

"Young Silliman was there Sunday night, Ezekiel."

"So I hear."

"But she seems averse to him."

"Only the way of a pretty girl."

"They'll be married by the next Thanksgiving, I venture."

"A safe venture, Samuel, for young Silliman has a promise of doing well in New York."

Mr. Silliman did not quit Stratford the next day, nor for many days, and he hovered around Miss Abby after the manner of a lover. So it was said that he was really "keeping company" with Miss Abby, and that she did not really oppose him.

Some how or other rumor had it that Mr. Silliman was a peer to the realm of Great Britain, and then it began to be whispered that Mr. Silliman had a wife in England.

John Ruggles stoutly denied this.

"Do you suppose Abby Folsom would not find that out?" he said.

The story circulated, and there were few who did not believe it. It got to young Silliman's ears, and he made a great ado about it, and when Ezekiel Dickerman proposed one evening that Mr. Silliman be put on his horse, and led out of town far on the New Haven turnpike, there were young men enough in Stratford who were ready to have a hand in the business.

John Ruggles disappeared suddenly one day, while all this fuss was being made, and the excitement this caused,

"I think my horse needs a new set of shoes," the gentleman said.

"Not badly," John answered, as he looked at the iron.

"It I have him reshoed now, I shall have no occasion to feel anxious about him for some time."

"If you insist, I will shoe him as well as I know how."

"They tell me on the highway twixt here and New York, that no man shoes a horse quicker, better, or more honestly than you."

"I believe they tell you the truth."

"I'll walk about a bit, for my limbs are cramped because of long riding."

The other man, evidently a servant, kept his seat, but the gentleman, who had dismounted, walked up and down the highway. At last he stopped, and seemed to be looking over the fence into the garden that John Folsom's house was flanked by.

Presently Miss Abby Folsom came out of the house and stood by the gate that opened to the highway that leads to New Haven. The

# The Bismarck Tribune.

BY C. A. LOUNSBERRY.

TRIBUNE SUBSCRIPTION RATES:  
WEEKLY, One Year, - \$2.50  
" Six Months, - 1.50  
" Three Months, - .75

## ADVERTISING RATES

Local and foreign business notices, 10 cents per line; of Nonpareil type, each insertion. Ten lines to the inch.  
Professional cards, four lines or less, \$10 per album.  
Advertisements in column of "Wants," "For Sale," "For Rent," etc., 10 cents per line each insertion.  
Legal notices at regular statute rates.  
Original poetry \$1 per line.  
For contract rates of display advertising apply to this office or send for advertising rate card.

## RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. J. G. Miller, B. D. Rector. At the rector's residence. Blessed service every Sunday morning at half past ten, and every day of obligation, at 11 a. m.; St. Paul time. Sunday school and even song at 2 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Services every Sunday at the City Hall, at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school immediately after morning service. Prayer meeting every Thurs'ay evening at 7.30 p. m. J. M. BULL, Pastor.

PESTERN CHURCH.—Sunday service at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. St. Paul time. All are invited to the morning service. Weekly services—Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, at pastor's residence, on 2d street near Thayer. W. C. STEVENS, Pastor.

EVANGELIC CHURCH.—First mass, 7.30 a. m.; high mass with sermon, 10.30 a. m.; Sunday school 2 p. m.; vespers, exhortation and benediction, 7.30 p. m. Main Street, west end. P. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM POFFA, O. S. B., Rector.

## SECRET SOCIETIES.

A. F. & A. M.—The regular communications of Bismarck Lodge No. 120, A. F. & A. M. are held in their hall on the first and third Monday of each month, at 7 p. m. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. JOHN DAVIDSON, W. M. Joseph Hare, Secy.

J. O. O. F.—The regular meeting of Mandan Lodge No. 12 are held in Raymond's hall every Tuesday. Brothers in good standing are cordially invited. WM. BAERH, N. G. Wm. VANAUSTRER, Secy.

BISMARCK FIRE COMPANY.  
Regular meetings at City Hall on the first Monday in each month at 8 p. m. Seven taps of the bell will be given as a signal. EB. SLOAN, Foreman.

DISTRICT STRENGTH, Secy.

## ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAIIS.

NORTHERN PACIFIC.—Arrives daily. Sundays at 1.15 p. m. Leaves daily, except Sunday, at 3.15 p. m.

FORTS.—Leave for Fort Stevenson, Bentophil and Bismarck every Sunday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 a. m. Arrive Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, at 3.30 p. m.

Leave for Fort Yates and Sully and all down over post daily, except Sunday, at 6 a. m.; arriving at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 8 p. m.

Leave for Fort Keogh and Miles City and all points in Northern and Western Montana daily, except Sunday, at 8 a. m. Arrive at Bismarck daily, except Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Leave for Hillard—Leaves daily at 8 p. m.

Registered mails for all points close at 5 p. m. Office open from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays, from 7 to 9 a. m., and 4 to 6 p. m.

The Grand Forks Herald and Roscoe Express earnestly support Bennett for a nomination.

The Fargo Times and Republican will soon consolidate it is said, making the largest subscription list, and one of the largest and best papers in the North-west.

JESSIE RAYMOND has left for Georgia, some friend having filled her pocket-book, and Senator Hill now rests in peace. Visions of Jessie's little Smith & Wesson will disturb him no more.

The sod-corn editors of Southern Dakota are invited—cheerfully invited—to look in on Northern Dakota wheat-fields on the occasion of the editorial convention to be held at Fargo in May.

SENATOR BUTLER, of North Carolina, opposes the Democratic scheme for unseating Kellogg. He insists that the case was settled at the time of his admission, and an agreement entered into to let it rest.

Now that Fargo is conceded the territorial convention it would be only fair to give to the Missouri river country one of the delegates to the Chicago convention, and J. W. Raymond would make a very creditable representative.

The President has been interviewed on the Presidential question, and shows a decided disposition to favor the dark horse, and thinks that among the animals of this color, so to speak, he regards Washburne, Edmonds and Garfield admirable specimens.

JUDGE BENNETT has reintroduced his territorial division and re-survey bills with important changes setting apart Ft. Pierre and Fort Lincoln reservations for the establishment of the Custer memorial college. The new bill probably changes the name to North Dakota.

The friends of Judge Bennett believe that the Raymond boom which gathered much force in the Black Hills a few weeks ago has already wasted to a great extent, and they think they hear the first low wash of waves that indicate a Bennett boom that will sweep everything before it.

The Democrats in Congress dare not, it seems, bring their southern way of doing things to bear in the Washburne-Donnelly case. The successive postponement of a vote on it indicates a disposition to think before acting, a hesitancy, at least, to perpetrate the contemplated outrage.

The Republican territorial convention for the election of delegates to the National convention will be held at Fargo on the 19th of May, one day after the editorial convention. It would have been better to have appointed the delegates by committees, and then have held the delegate convention at Fargo in har-

question, which scatters over more ground and exhibits less comprehension of Dakota politics than any of the effusions from "Cactus," which is a pretty broad statement. He refers to combinations which never existed and which never can exist, and to motives that nobody was ever influenced by. He strikes one very able-bodied truth, however, among his nonsense which is that the shrewdest politicians do their anti-convention work on the strict quiet rather than by booms. It is a fact, whether it be flattering to American citizenship or not, that it is the party leaders who determine nominations, and work done prior to a convention must be done among these—which work cannot be done, but is usually injured, by attempts at getting up hurrahs."

The flings of Southern Dakota newspapers at Northern Dakota, because of the recent blockade, are as injurious as they are unwise and unjust. The same causes delayed trains four weeks on the St. Paul & Sioux City railroad four years ago, and six weeks on the Union Pacific a few years ago. Scores of roads have been blockaded by similar causes in countries supposed to be much less liable than the Northern Pacific to detentions of this character. Even the Southern Dakota railroad was blockaded a few years ago in April by a heavier fall of snow than Northern Dakota ever had at one time.

The fault is not in the country, and we are not disposed to charge the blame to the local management of the road. They simply encountered difficulties unexpected and for which they were unprepared. True, the directors of the road were informed four years ago that they were liable to trouble of this character, but they then refused to provide against it, and three winters passed that seemed to justify the wisdom of their course. The fourth came and the difficulties of which they were warned and which they refused to meet were encountered. But the local management of the road had no reason to anticipate any such trouble and, of course, was unprepared for it, and little could be done to remedy the matter until spring. But this trouble will not arise again. A complete survey of the "snow-fields" has been made this winter with a view to locating the trouble and where ever required the track will be raised and ballasted; and where cuts require to be widened or additional snow-fences put up, the work will be done. In no case will sheds be required.

With these precautions, and suitable snow-plows, the North Pacific is less liable to blockade than the Southern Minnesota railroad which was blockaded four weeks in 1870.

But THE TRIBUNE protests against the country being blamed for the trouble.

Already our farmers are sowing wheat and plowing for corn. June 15th will give them new potatoes, peas and other vegetables—two weeks earlier than north-east Ohio, or even Southern Dakota.

It may not be popular to say so, but time will justify the conclusion that the local management of the North Pacific is in no sense responsible for the unfortunate blockade of the past winter. During all the winter of 1873 and '4 and 1874 and '5 the road could have been opened at any time with less trouble than was encountered in removing the February blockade this year. During the winter of 1875 and '6 there would have been no difficulty in opening the road until the middle of February, when just such a siege as the company had this winter was met with. But the trouble was unusual, and therefore not expected by the directors to occur again, and they accordingly refused to provide against it. The winter of 1876 and '7, 1877 and '8 and 1878 and '9 followed without blockade, and surely Mr. Sargent had no occasion to make unusual preparation for this winter. The damage to the business interests of Bismarck, resulting from the blockade was great it is true, but it is little compared with the vast interests of the road which have been and will be seriously affected, and the TRIBUNE does not hesitate to urge silence in relation to the trouble as far as the best policy. If the company does not heed the lessons of this winter, and fails to take due precautions for the coming winter, the people who have settled along the line will have occasion to complain, and the TRIBUNE will most cheerfully lead the kickers, using the most vigorous language at its command. But until then Southern Dakota papers and Union Pacific hirelings should be left to circulate the statements damaging alike to every interest on the North Pacific.

The confidential friend of Mr. Tilden (one of the county ex commissioners of Burleigh county, according to the records) is a bad adviser. He urges the special tax payers of Burleigh county not to pay their liquor licenses—urges them to defy the law and the authorities and get fined in it in order to swell the school funds of Burleigh county; and he might add create bad blood and increase court expenses. He says money thus placed in the school fund will not be swallowed up in any extravagance or go into the general fund. Should the course advised be adopted the licenses in the end will be required to be paid, in addition the fines for the school fund together with attorney and other court expenses. It wasn't long ago when the confidential friend, one of the commissioners, refused to pay \$50 into the school fund for the use of the school house for court and did pay instead \$150 for the use of another building for the

same purpose. Perhaps this is one of the items of extravagance alluded to.

The Sun's mission, as laid down in its issue of the 31st is very charming indeed. It promises to shed its penetrating rays into the dark corners of the earth and reveal the wrongs it hopes to remedy. Its editor declares he has no enemies to punish and no friends at whose dictation he must submit; that he starts in the journalistic race untrammeled by personal feelings or party ties. His soul, he declares, is full of sunshine and he believes in humanity, and religion for the life as well as for the intellect. The golden rule of life is the oaken bow that he intends shall direct the silver shafts of light that quiver from the Sun's fair disc; reform is his watchword—reform in its true intent—but the Bismarck TRIBUNE will continue to supply the latest news from all parts of the world up to the hour of going to press at \$2.50 per annum.

There may be those who did not notice the enlargement of THE TRIBUNE last week to a six-column cut and pasted quarto. To those we have but this to say: The enlargement was caused by the increased pressure upon our advertising columns consequent upon a rapidly increasing circulation; and the announcement of such enlargement was necessarily crowded out last week by more important foreign and local news. We do not say it boastingly, but deem it a compliment to Bismarck and our readers to claim the prettiest and best made-up paper typographically in the Northwest.

CAPITAL, the able Washington correspondent of the St. Paul Dispatch, says that Conkling said a year ago "that the man most available, who would be most acceptable to the friends of all the candidates for the presidential nomination is William Windom of Minnesota," and as things become more and more mixed hundreds of others are adopting the Conkling view.

The Settler is the name of a new paper published at Huron, Beadle county, Dakota, by John Cain. It seems to be in advance of business as well as the mails, as it does not contain a line of local advertising and is in advance of the establishment of a post office even. Be careful, John. The writer tried that game at Wells, Minn., and went broke on it.

The Fargo Argus kicks lustily over the practice in vogue among wheat buyers in placing North Dakota wheat on the market as Minnesota No. 1 hard and insists that proper credit should be given even in name to our North Dakota products. The TRIBUNE joins heartily in the Argus' kick.

PHOENIX HOWARD publishes a letter in which he says it is his intention to become a candidate for congress in the fourteenth Illinois district if the Cincinnati convention nominates Mr. Tilden instead of some emasculated politician like David Davis, or some soft money idiot like Alien G. Thurman.

The Grand Forks Plaindealer says it will oppose the Spencer outfit until the bar-tumblies down and Bob Ingersoll is convinced by his own personal experience that his myth is a lamentable reality. Spencer is in Colorado, mining, and doesn't expect to visit Dakota until winter.

GEN. BEADLE writes that the immigration from Michigan to Dakota will be unparalleled in the history of the west. As these people usually come to Northern Dakota New Michigan is suggested as a proper name for the new territory to be created from the north half of Dakota.

BLAINE's friends estimate that on the first ballot he will lack only 20 votes of a nomination; that the vote will stand as follows: Blaine, 339; Grant, 201; Sherman, 143, and Edmunds, 23.

The St. Louis Globe Democrat says the devil is of the democratic faith whereupon the St. Paul Globe says it will be so much worse for republicans in the next world.

The bill declaring forfeited the expired railroad grants excepts the North Pacific and other railroads on which the work of construction is now progressing.

It is hinted by the Fargo Times that Dr. Coe will establish a paper at Jamestown and will support Raymond for congress.

The Press & Dakotaian urges Fargo as the proper place for holding the republican state convention.

The Brookings County Press also joins in the boom for Judge Bennett's reelection.

The Fargo Times nominates Geo. P. Flanery for district attorney.

**He Declines.**

**Editor Tribune.**

Please say in the strongest language it is possible to use in the columns of your newspaper that I am not a candidate for any office at the coming election.

JOHN WHALEN.

**The Biggest Boom of All.**

F. J. Call has returned from Chicago. He reports business of every sort just booming, but the biggest boom of all comes in the shape of immigration to Dakota. He believes that one hundred thousand people will settle in Dakota this year. Michigan people are coming to Northern Dakota. Eighteen hundred and eighty will add millions to the wealth of Dakota.

The consequences resulting from the passage of these land grants were so advantageous to the people and to the government as to eradicate all objections formerly entertained by reasonable statesmen, and to render them universally popular among the great mass of thinking people.

## REASONS WHY IT SHOULD BE EXTENDED.

### Col. Wm. Thompson's Able Opinion

#### —The Great is but a Duty Which Congress Owes the Country—

#### An Important Document.

##### AN OPINION.

The unsold public lands of the United States should be disposed of in such a manner as to best subserve the government and produce the greatest good to the greatest number of its citizens. Unsettled and uncultivated lands are entirely unproductive. While they remain unsold they neither accumulate revenue nor increase in value; they neither aid in the increase of population, nor contribute to its sustenance; they neither augment the power of the government, nor afford any contribution to manufacturing, commerce, or any industrial pursuit; nor do they contribute in any considerable degree to the alleviation of human misery, the elevation from human degradation, the propagation of sound morality, the cultivation of the human intellect, the stimulation to human industry, the acquisition of scientific attainments, the creation of inventive genius, the individual exaltation and happiness or the enlightened aggrandizement of the Nation. But let the ownership of these lands be changed under favorable conditions into the hands of individual citizens, and it will result in the production of all desirable individual attainment and the most exalted national glory. Why has not this change of ownership been consummated long ago?

##### LOCATION BARKING PROSPERITY.

There are millions of destitute, homeless and intelligent beings deterred from making themselves happy homes, and causing the waste lands of the country to produce abundantly, simply because their place of birth, their education, their predilections and their habits have rendered odious and frightful the very thought of living out of the hearing of a railroad whistle, out of the influence of that law, order and civilization which keep step to its stimulating music, and out of hearing by railroad speed of all they loved and left behind them. Then, what disposition ought the government make of its unsold lands to insure their most speedy occupancy, their greatest amount of productiveness, and their contribution to the greatest individual happiness and national prosperity and power? This is a question of paramount importance, and has been discussed with great zeal and ability by statesmen of widely conflicting opinions.

Originally the southern wing of the democratic party opposed all grants of the public lands as being an infringement of their doctrine of a strict construction of the constitution, maintaining that it contained no provision authorizing such disposition. About thirty years ago Andrew Johnson introduced in congress his pet project of

##### GIVING AWAY HOMESTEADS

to the needy. This was opposed by southern members bitterly for many years; but after the South seceded and southern democrats left congress the measure was fortunately passed. As early as the 29th congress the Territory of Iowa succeeded in obtaining a small land grant for the improvement of the navigation of the Des Moines river. This was obtained through the sympathy of democratic members for democratic Iowa, and to aid in the election of democratic senators from the newly admitted extremely western state. It was deemed too trifling to be made a precedent, and besides it was no loss to the government, as the people who purchased the alternate, even sections had then, as ever since, to pay a double minimum, which was paying full price for the land they purchased, and in addition, an equal amount to pay the government for the land it claimed to have given away or granted for improvements. This double minimum provision attached to these land grants is an outrage to the people who preempt the ungranted sections, rendering the transaction called a grant a mere subterfuge by which congress gives to one and makes another pay for it. Congress owes it to its dignity as well as its benignity to erase this foul and illiberal blot from all land grants.

##### THE IOWA GRANT.

This Iowa grant never eventuated in much benefit to the state. It was opposed and restricted by Judge Collier, chairman of the committee on public lands, Secretary Ewing, and others in authority mainly on two grounds. The state was democratic. The public lands belonged to the old states, and instead of being granted to any purpose should be divided pro rata among them. This grant was fought, crippled, virtually destroyed, and then diverted to other purposes. In the meantime the question of the disposition of the public lands was kept before the people until Stephen A. Douglass succeeded in obtaining for Illinois the wonderful land grant for railroad construction which metamorphosed that state into an empire, brought immigration, activity, prosperity to the entire Northwest, and elevated the fame of the "Little Giant" to the very pinnacle of statesmanship. The passage of this munificent land grant virtually settled the long mooted and bitterly contested question of the right of congress to dispose of in this peculiar manner (which was held to be no pecuniary detriment) the alternate sections of the public lands for the construction of internal improvements. This decision was afterwards and by different congresses supplemented and confirmed by the passage of many other similar land grants for the benefit of other states and corporations, and finally by the passage of the persistently fought homestead bill.

##### AS APPLICABLE NOW AS EVER.

All the *a priori* arguments used long ago, both in congress and out of it, for the establishment of the propriety of this method of disposing of the public lands are just as applicable, just as potent, just as true and should be just as convincing now, as they were then. Ay! much more convincing. For the very construction

## THE N.P. LANDGRANT

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##### AN OPINION.

The unsold public lands of the United States should be disposed of in such a manner as to best subserve the government and produce the greatest good to the greatest number of its citizens. Unsettled and uncultivated lands are entirely unproductive. While they remain unsold they neither accumulate revenue nor increase in value; they neither aid in the increase of population, nor contribute to its sustenance; they neither augment the power of the government, nor afford any contribution to manufacturing, commerce, or any industrial pursuit; nor do they contribute in any considerable degree to the alleviation of human misery, the elevation from human degradation, the propagation of sound morality, the cultivation of the human intellect, the stimulation to human industry, the acquisition of scientific attainments, the creation of inventive genius, the individual exaltation and happiness or the enlightened aggrandizement of the

lighter than on any other route, while the lands are more productive and the country on either side of it for hundreds of miles is more pleasant, healthy and designed to become vastly more populous. These are a few of the inducements which led to the selection of this as a national road and caused the passage of the land grant. But in addition to these which ought to be sufficient, there are several other reasons which should prevent any vandal spoliation of this grant.

#### DISASTER WOULD FOLLOW THE DENIAL

If congress were to annul this grant and thereby prevent or delay the completion of this much needed railroad, it would be guilty of unprecedented bad faith to the thousands of enterprising settlers along the line of its contemplated construction, who have braved all the dangers, and suffered all the hardships of frontier life on the faith of the permanency of this grant and the ultimate construction of the road. It would retard the future settlement and development of the most valuable mining, grazing and agricultural countries in the world, and would result in irreparable injury to our whole people, to the government and to the commerce of civilization. By changing this grant into the hands of some other rival company, it would most probably result in augmenting the power of the Union Pacific combination, a gigantic monopoly already able to resist the demands of the government and successfully control the national legislation for the ruin of the people and for its own augmentation and aggrandizement. It would be an act of undeserved ingratitude. Corporations in the abstract may be soulless and very frequently characterize their acts by a want of feeling. But the persons who compose them and have invested most of their means in their stocks are as sensitive and subject to injury as ordinary humanity. The original projectors, advocates and investigators of the Northern Pacific railroad from Gov. Stevens down through J. Cooke to its present corporators looked upon the construction of

#### THE NATIONAL THOROUGHFARE

from a standpoint too elevated to permit considerations of mere personal gain to act as an inducement, but their own motives and the motives they held out as inducements to others for aid, were characterized by an exalted patriotism and benevolence, not limited to this people alone, but including all those of the civilized world. The work was gigantic in its proportions and in its contemplated utility. Its cost of construction and equipment would require millions of ready money long before the lands could be sold or anything realized from the land grant. The money had to be raised speedily; for the time for construction was unreasonably short. Capital was not then as attainable as now, still the money had to be raised. The people had money in small quantities. They were appealed to for aid. They knew the situation in the inducements, backed up by governmental approval and congressional aid and supervision. Subscriptions for stock were sought among the masses and were obtained. Patriotic men and benevolent ladies throughout the northern states and most of Europe trustfully invested their hard earned savings in the stocks and bonds of the corporation and became jointly interested in the enterprise. It should prove successful—and they had no reason to doubt it—the investment was a safe one; but its failure would be ruin. But how could it fail when the government was at once its chief patron and its chief beneficiary? Who at that time could have even dreamed that, in a few years when unforeseen and unavoidable temporary disaster should create a necessity for governmental forbearance only—without any need for additional aid and without any serious loss except to the corporation—congress, or even members, instigated by no matter what means, would seize hold of that misfortune as a pretext for annihilating the grant or transferring it to some other company, and thus contravening the best interests of the government and spreading disaster and ruin on all whom it had assisted in being beguiled into this praiseworthy, but unfortunate corporation?

#### LABOR UNDER DISADVANTAGES

This far this mischievous, unnatural and discreditable action has not been consummated. It has been threatened and the incipient measures have been introduced. The result is a conundrum. A majority in congress may yet remember that the road has been completed from Lake Superior to a point west of the Missouri river and the work on its completion is being pushed forward as rapidly as it could be under the auspices of any other company; that the present company has done as much heretofore as ought to have been expected under the unexpected and unavoidable disastrous circumstances with which it has been forced to contend; that it has led to the discovery of the most extensive and productive wheat and other cereal growing belt in the world, extending from the Red River of the North to the Pacific ocean and from the forty-sixth parallel of north latitude; that it has demonstrated this fact and published it to the civilized world by opening and cultivating the Cass, Dalrymple, and Grandin farms at Fargo and the Stark, Clark and Steele farms at Bismarck; that

THE STARVING MILLIONS OF EUROPE have been recently supplied with food from the surplus growth along this road; that much of the balance of trade in our favor and much of the surplus of gold in the national treasury are the legitimate results of the construction of so much of this road; that the northern country is equally indebted to this company for the discovery of the valuable agricultural qualities of her lands north and west of our own great belt, and for its aid in transporting the means of settlement; that without the enterprise and efforts of this company this vast region of wonderful productiveness would most probably have remained a terra incognita—without inhabitants or national value for forty years to come, and finally the opening of this road to Bismarck led to the discovery of gold in the Black Hills to their advantageous mining development and to the settlement and improvements of Northern Dakota and much of Montana. If all this can have any influence, and if there is left in congress the least public sense of justice, gratitude or obligation, it will not fail to perceive and realize that this company deserves no censure, no vindictive punishment, no perpetual ruin for the many good things it has performed, but that it should be rewarded by a speedy and hearty extension of its land grant and by such other means as may be found necessary for which congress would receive the almost universal approbation of an appreciative people.

F. O. CHILSTROM FRANK J. MEAD,  
CHILSTROM & MEADE Attorneys at Law,  
Mandan D. T.

#### LEGAL

##### Mortgage Sale.

DEFALKT having been made in the condition of a certain mortgage, made and executed by Patrick H. Slattery and Catherine Byrne his wife, mortgagors, to M. P. Slattery, mortgagee, on the 1st day of October, 1859, A. D. 1859, whereby the said mortgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said mortgagee, all his herds and assigns forever, the following described land and real estate, situate, lying and being in the County of Burleigh and Territory of Dakota, to wit: Lot number two, in the south east quarter of Section number two, in Township number one hundred and thirty-eight, (138) Range number eighty, (80) West, which mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), according to the condition of a certain note, note bearing date with said mortgage, due one year from date with interest at twelve (12) per cent, annual until paid, and given by the said Patrick H. Slattery to the said M. P. Slattery, which mortgage was recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Burleigh County, Dakota Territory, on the 22nd day of March, 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Book "B" of Mortgages on page "15." And Whereas there is record in the same book and Note and Mortgage, at the date of this notice, for a principal amount of thirty dollars, allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney's fees in the case of the foreclosure of the same, and that no proceeding at law or otherwise have been taken to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Now, therefore, Notice is hereby given that by virtue of the power of sale contained in and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of said mortgage, premises at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the Sheriff of Burleigh County, D. T., or his deputy, at the front door of the County Courthouse in Bismarck, the place where the District Court of Dakota was last held, Said sale to be on the 24th day of April, 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M., of that day, to satisfy the sum of four hundred thirty-nine dollars and seventy-nine cents, (\$439.79) and the sum of thirty dollars, allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney's fees in the case of the foreclosure of the same, and that no proceeding at law or otherwise have been taken to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof.

Dated March 11th, 1880. M. P. SLATTERY,  
FLANAGAN & WETHERBY, Mortgagors.  
Attorneys for Mortgagee. 42-43

##### Mortgage Sale.

DEFALKT Having been made in the conditions of a certain mortgage, made and executed by Henry Woods and Margaret Woods, mortgagors to J. W. Watson, mortgagee, bearing date the 16th day of May, A. D. 1879, whereby the said mortgagors did grant, bargain, sell and convey unto the said mortgagee, his heirs, and assigns forever, the following described real estate, situate, lying and being in the County of Burleigh, and Territory of Dakota, to wit: Lot number three (3) in Block number fifty (50) in the City of Bismarck, according to the record plot plan in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Burleigh County, D. T., and the same date with said mortgage was given to secure the payment of the sum of three hundred and seventy seven dollars (\$377.00) according to the condition of a certain note, note bearing date with said mortgage, payable four months after the date of interest thereon at the rate of twelve (12) per cent per annum until paid, and given by the said Henry Woods to the said J. W. Watson, and which mortgage was duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for Burleigh County, Dakota Territory, on the 16th day of May, A. D. 1879, at 2 o'clock P. M., in Book "B" of mortgages on page "129."

And whereas, There is claimed to be due on said note and interest, up to the 1st day of April, 1880, the sum of four hundred and ninety three dollars (\$410.93) and the sum of forty dollars allowed by the terms of said mortgage as attorney fees in the case of the foreclosure of the same, and that no proceeding at law or otherwise have been taken to recover the amount secured by said mortgage or any part thereof. Now, therefore, Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of the power of sale in said mortgage contained, and pursuant to the statute in such case made and provided, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of said mortgage, premises at public auction to the highest bidder, which sale will be made by the Sheriff of Burleigh County, D. T., or his deputy, at the front door of the County Courthouse in Bismarck, the place where the District Court of Dakota was last held, said sale to be on the 23rd day of April, A. D. 1880, at 2 o'clock P. M., of that day, to satisfy the amount which will then be due on said note and mortgage, together with the sum of forty dollars, allowed by the terms of said mortgage or any part thereof, and all lawful costs and disbursements.

Dated February 16th, 1880. J. W. WATSON,  
Flannery & Wetherby, Mortgagors.  
Attorneys for Mortgagee. 42-43

##### Dissolution of Corporation.

TERITORY OF DAKOTA, - District Court, County of Burleigh, - Third Judicial Dist. In the matter of the application of George W. Sweet, Esq., for Lincoln & Black Hills Railway Company, Order, for a dissolution of its Corporation. Whereas, The board of directors of the Bismarck, Fort Lincoln & Black Hills Railway Co., have applied to the District Court above named for a dissolution of the aforesaid corporation in pursuance of a resolution of the Stockholders of said Railway Company. Now, on motion of George W. Sweet, Esq., on behalf of said application, it is hereby ordered that said application be filed with the clerk of this Court, and the Clerk of Bismarck in said County of Burleigh, and the said Clerk of the Court give notice to all persons interested, by publication of this order in "The Standard Tribune," a weekly newspaper published in the City of Bismarck, once a week for five successive weeks, requiring them to state their objections, if any they have, to such dissolution with said Clerk of the Court before the expiration of the time of publication above specified.

Dated Fargo, February 11th, 1880. A. H. BARNES, Judge.  
ERNEST N. COREY, Clerk of Dist. Court.  
[Seal]

##### A Resolution.

The Mayor and Common Council of the City of Bismarck do resolve: That it is deemed necessary that a sidewalk should be built on the north side of Main Street in the City of Bismarck, in lot of lots No. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, block 54; lots 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24 in block 3.

That this resolution be published for four consecutive weeks in "The BISMARCK TRIBUNE." [Attest] GEORGE PROCTOR, M. O'SHEA, Mayor. City Clerk. Dated, Bismarck, March 15, 1880. 43-46.

##### Notice of Annual School Meeting.

Notice is hereby given to the voters of school district No. 1, of Burleigh county, that the annual meeting of said district will be held at the brick school house on Tuesday, the 6th day of April, 1880, at 3 o'clock P. M.

JOHN P. DUNN, Dist. Clerk.

##### MEAT MARKET

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED FLORAL GUIDE A beautiful work of 100 Pages. One Colored Flower Plate, and 500 illustrations, with Descriptions of the best Flowers and Vegetables, with price of seed, and how to grow them. All for a Five Cents postage will buy the Floral Guide.

Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—22 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and Many Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year. Five Cents for postage. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cents. Three copies for 25 cents.

Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

##### LAUNDRY

WESTERN LAUNDRY, No. 21, Fourth St.

I have opened a first-class Laundry at the above named place, and am prepared to do all work with which I am favored.

Ladies' and Gents' Fine Clothes a Specialty.

Orders taken and Clothes delivered to any part of the city.

FRANK HOBERT.

#### GOVERNMENT ADVERTISING.

##### Sealed Proposals.

DEVIL'S LAKE, Indian Agency, D. T., March 15, 1880.

SEIZED PROPOSALS ("in triplicate") shall be received by the undersigned at the Merton Hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota, until 12 o'clock, m. Saturday, April 3, 1880, for furnishing the following for the Devil's Lake Indian Agency, viz: 30 stallions (Morgan or Canadian Friesian preferred). The oxen must be sound and not broken, not younger than 4 years nor older than 7, and must be in good working condition, to be accepted weighing less than 2500 pounds per yoke. Yokes must be new and extra long, and the teams to be 2% cable, 13 feet long including hooks.

The oxen must be sound and not broken, not younger than 4 years nor older than 7, and must be in good working condition, to be accepted weighing less than 2500 pounds per yoke. Yokes must be new and extra long, and the teams to be 2% cable, 13 feet long including hooks.

Proposals should state price of oxen and animal separately, delivered at Devil's Lake Agency, not later than May 10, 1880, and sooner if practicable after approval of the contract by the proper officers.

Payment will be made by the Hon. Commissioner of Indian Affairs, at Washington, D. C., upon receipt of proper receipts.

Proposals should be accompanied by a copy of this advertisement attached to each and every bid, and should be endorsed "Proposals for Indian Supplies."

Bidders are invited to be present at the opening of the bids.

The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

JAMES MC LAUGHLIN,  
U. S. Indian Agent.

42-43

#### BOOTS AND SHOES.

##### LOUIS LARSON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

##### Custom Boots and Shoes.

The Most Fashionable Shop in  
the West.

Orders by Mail Promptly At-

tended to

NO. 3 NORTH THIRD ST.,

BISMARCK, D. T.

#### STAGE LINES

##### Bismarck and Ft. Buford

##### STAGE AND EXPRESS

A. D.

#### U. S. MAIL.

Leave Bismarck for Fort Buford and intervening points Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 A. M., and return the full trip in five days.

Stage will leave Bismarck on same days as from Bismarck at 6 A. M.

For express, freight or passage apply to

JOHN LEASURE,

Agent, at J. W. Raymond & Co's, or to

LSIGHTON & JORDAN, Post Buford.

#### HOTEL

J. G. MALLOY. P. F. MALLOY.

#### WESTERN HOUSE,

MALLOY BROS., Prop.

#### BISMARCK, - - DAKOTA

The house is centrally located and recently enlarged, refitted and refurbished. Opposite the Railroad Depot. Prices reasonable.

#### LUMBER

C. S. WEAVER & CO.,

Dealers in

#### LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATH.

Doors, Sash and Moldings.

Also Contractors and Builders of all classes of

#### Buildings, Plans and Specifications.

Estimates furnished on short notice.

#### LIVERY STABLE

SHERIDAN HOUSE

#### Livery Stable,

First-Class in Every Respect.

#### NEW AND ELEGANT TURN-OUTS

Hacks to all parts of the City, Boats, Fort Lincoln and Mandan.

Office at the Sheridan House.

STOYELL & LAIR, Proprietors

#### MILLINERY

MRS. J. W. PROCTOR.

#### DRESSMAKER & MILLINER,

East Main Street.

#### First-Class Work Guaranteed.

#### HIDES

MRS. J. W. PROCTOR.

#### DRESSMAKER & MILLINER,

East Main Street.

#### First-Class Work Guaranteed.

#### CHICAGO HIDE HOUSE.

CASH PAID FOR

Hides, Furs, Wool &amp

**WITH THE DEAD LEAVES**  
FROM THE JAPANESE

Watching the dead leaves drift along,  
Urge by the keen wind's restless feet,  
Tossed here and there in a shuddering throng  
Through the alleys and lanes of the rain-swept street;  
Wanders my memory back to the time  
When I woosed my love with sigh and rhyme.  
Then it was spring, and the sun-rays shone  
On fresh young trees from a cloudless sky;  
And I with my sweet heart strolled alone,  
To tell her my soul's deep ecstasy.  
I kissed her smiles, and my thoughts, love mad,  
Never dreamt that the future could be bad.  
But Winter came, and the green leaves fell;  
My love's soul went to the dreamland shore;  
And the wind and the dead leaves sang the sad knell  
Of the good, true heart I should woo never more:  
So when I hear the leaves and the rain,  
I think of my love, and live again.

**FROM THE WAYSIDE.**

Dr. Silas Walsh one day sat in his office reading a very interesting book. It was a part of his business, this reading, for the book was a science within the scope of his profession. He was comparatively a young man, and had the reputation of being an excellent physician. While he read some one rang his office bell. He laid aside his book and went to the door, and when he saw what was upon the stepping stone he was indignant.

It was a ragged, dirty boy, known in Esworth as "Hammer Jim"—ragged and dirty, and with the vileness of the slums upon him—a boy vicious and profane, against whom every other boy was warned—it boy who was called a thief and a villain, whom no efforts of the overseers had been able to reclaim, and who seemed to care for nothing but to make people afraid of him. His true name, as the overseers had it, was James Ammerton. About his father no one in Esworth had ever known. His mother had died an inmate of the poorhouse.

On the present occasion, Jim's face was not only dirty, but bloody; and there was blood on his gaunt and tattered garments.

"Please sir, wont you fix my head? I have got a hurt."

"What kind of hurt?" asked the doctor.

"I'm afraid it's bad, sir," sobbed the boy. "One o' Mr. Dunn's men hit me with a rock. Oh!"

"What did he hit you for?"

"Yes, you do know. What did he throw the stone at you for?"

"Why, sir, I was picking up an apple under one of his trees."

Dr. Walsh would not touch the boy's head with his fingers. There was no need of it; he could see that there was only a scald wound, and that the blood had ceased to flow.

"Go home and let your folks wash your head and put on a clean bandage," he said.

"I have sir, I hasn't got no home, and I ha' n't got no folks."

"You stop somewhere, don't you?"

"I stop at the poor's when they don't kick me out."

"Well, boy, you are not going to die from this. Go and get somebody to wash your head, or go and wash it yourself and tie your handkerchief on."

"Please sir, I ha'n't got no—"

"Hold up, boy. I haven't got time to waste. You won't suffer if you go as you are."

And at this Dr. Silas Walsh closed the door and returned to his book. He had not meant to be unkind; but really he had not thought there was any need of professional service on his part; and certainly he did not want that bad boy in his office.

But Dr. Walsh had not been alone cognizant of the boy's visit. There had been a witness in an upper window. The doctor's wife had seen and heard. She was a woman.

She was not strong and resolute and dignified like her husband. Her heart was not only tender, but it was used to aching. She had no children living; but there were two little mounds in the churchyard told her of angels in heaven that could call her mother! Acting upon her impulse, as she was very apt to do, she slipped down and called the boy in, by the back way to the washroom. He came in rags, dirt and all, wondering what was wanted. The sweet voice that had called him had not frightened him. He came in and stood looking at Dr. Walsh, and as he looked his sides cased.

"Sit down, my boy."

He sat down.

"If I help you will you try to be good?"

"I can't be good."

"Why not?"

"Cause I can't. Taint in me. Every body says so."

"B, I can't you try?"

"I dunno."

"If I should help you, you would be willing to try to please me?"

"Yes'm—I should certain."

Mrs. Walsh brought a basin of water and a soft sponge, and with tender hands she washed the boy's hands and face. Then with the scissors she clipped away the hair from the wound—curling, hand-some-hair—and found it not a bad wound. She brought a piece of sticking plaster, which she fixed upon it, and then she brushed the hair back from the full brow and looked into the boy's face—not a bad face—not an evil face. Shutting out the rags and dirt, it was really a handsome face.

"What's your name, my boy?"

"Hammer Jim, ma'am; and sometimes Ragged Jim."

"I mean how were you christened?"

"Which'm?"

"Don't you know what name your parents gave you?"

"Oh—yes. It's down on the 'seers' book, ma'am, as James Ammerton."

"Well, James, the hurt on your head is not a bad one, and if you are careful and not rub off the plaster it will soon heal up. Are you hungry?"

"Please ma'am, I haven't eat nothing to-day."

Mrs. Walsh brought out some bread and butter and a cup of milk, and allowed the boy to sit there in the washroom and eat. And while he ate she watched him narrowly, scanning every feature. Surely, if the science of physiognomy, which her husband studied so

much, and with such faith, was reliable, this boy ought to have grand capacities. Once more shutting out the rage and filth, and only observing the hair, now glossy and waving, from her dexterous manipulations over a shapely head, and marking the face with its eyes of lustrous gray, and the mouth like a cupid's bow, and the chin strong without the dress, the boy was handsome. Mrs. Walsh thinking of the little mounds in the churchyard, prayed God that she might be happy mother; and if a boy was to bless her maternity she could not ask that he should be handsomer than she believed she could make this boy.

Jim finished eating and stood up.

"James," said the little woman—for she was a little woman, and a perfect picture of a lovable and loving little woman—"James, when you are hungry and have nothing to eat, if you come to this door I will feed you. I do not want you to go hungry."

"I should like to come, ma'am."

"And if I feed you when you are hungry, will you not try to be good for my sake?"

The boy hung his head and considered. Some might have wondered that he did not answer at once as a grateful boy ought; but Mrs. Walsh was deeper than that. The lad was considering how he must answer safely and truly.

"If they'd let me be good ma'am, but they won't," he said, at length.

"Will you try all you can?"

"Yes'm, I'll try all I can."

Mrs. Walsh gave the lad a small parcel of food in a paper, and patted his curly head. The boy had not shed a tear since the pain of the wound had been assuaged. Some might have thought that he was not grateful; but the little woman could see the gratitude in the deeper light of his eyes. The old crust was not broken enough yet for tears.

Afterward Mrs. Walsh told her husband what she had done, and he laughed at her.

"Do you think, Mary, that your kindness can help that ragged wain?"

"I do not think it will hurt him, Silas."

It was not the first time Mrs. Walsh had delivered answers to the erudite doctor which effectually stopped discussion.

After that Jim came often to the door and was fed; and he became cleaner and more orderly with each succeeding visit. At length Mrs. Walsh was informed that a friend was going away into a far Western country to take up land, and make a frontier farm. The thought occurred to her that this might be a good opportunity for James Ammerton. She saw her friend, and brought James to his notice, and the result was, the boy went away with the emigrant adventurer. And she heard from her friend a year later that he liked the boy very much. Two years later the emigrant wrote that Jim was treasure. And Mrs. Walsh showed the letter to her husband, and he smiled and kissed his little wife, and said he was glad.

And he had another source of gladness. Upon her bosom his little wife bore a robust, healthy boy—their own son—who gave promise of life and happiness in the time to come.

The years sped on, and James Ammerton dropped out of life. The thought occurred to her that this might be a good opportunity for James Ammerton. She saw her friend, and brought James to his notice, and the result was, the boy went away with the emigrant adventurer. And she heard from her friend a year later that he liked the boy very much. Two years later the emigrant wrote that Jim was treasure. And Mrs. Walsh showed the letter to her husband, and he smiled and kissed his little wife, and said he was glad.

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Assuming that the Eastern and Middle States bear a similar relation to each other, politically, as that of the Western and Southwestern, the latter have been the most favored and have had the President for more than thirty-three years, while the former aggregate not quite twenty-three. So, too, the Middle States elected two and one-half of a term by the demise of a Southern President. The Western States elected four, who, if death had not interposed, would have held the office twenty-four years, but by the decease of two early in the terms for which they were chosen a Virginian and a Tennessean received the period nearly eight years. The Southwestern States elected three, whose service, with nearly a full term by another inheritor, made over seventeen years.

The narrative which follows is taken without alteration from the record of the trial and the documents in connection with the case. No matter how strange it may appear, it is absolutely true as sworn to by witnesses whose words would have been believed in any Court of justice and in any community.

The scepter departed from the Southern States proper when Jackson, who was more of a Western than a Southern man, was elected, but it had its rule in the chief magistracy for more than thirty-six years—every incumbent being a Virginian!

Assuming that the Eastern and Middle States bear a similar relation to each other, politically, as that of the Western and Southwestern, the latter have been the most favored and have had the President for more than thirty-six years—every incumbent being a Virginian!

The occupants of this house were a family named Cartrey, or, as some spelled it, Carteret. It consisted of father, mother, three daughters and one son. For many generations there had been but one son in the family—a fact which had caused many comments and became remarkable.

The estate of the Cartreys was large, the father having an income of over fifteen thousand pounds sterling, and the mother having one third as much in her right.

The estate was strictly entailed—that is, went entire to the next heir. Young Cartrey, popularly known as Jack, was a handsome, daring fellow of twenty-two, and his sisters were all younger. Jenny, the eldest, was nineteen, Dorothy was seventeen, and Mabel sixteen. They were all comely damsels, full of life and health, and well educated in accordance with the times.

In 1788, when George the Third was still comparatively a young man, there stood in the suburbs of Leicester, England, a pretentious dwelling house known as Gates Hall. The River Soar flowed near it, and it was not far from the great North road or rampart, as it was called.

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On December 31, 1788, all the family were at home. They sat up in observance of an established custom to see the old year pass out and the new year in, and did not assemble at breakfast next morning until late hour. The youngest daughter was then absent. Time passed, and as she did not appear, and inquiry failed to disclose whereabouts, the family were aroused, and search was made, and she was

"Thank God! I have found a true friend, or I should say that a true friend has found me," wrote Philip, after he had told of his whereabouts. "But for the coming of this friend I should have died ere this. He heard of me by name, and when he learned that I was the son of Silas and Mary Walsh, he bent all his energies for my release. He spent thousands of dollars in enlisting and equipping men for the work, and with his own hand struck down my savage captor and took me under his own care and protection, thenceforth. God bless him! And be you ready, both to bless him, for he's coming home with me."

Upon their bended knees that night the rejoicing parents thanked God for all His goodness, and called down blessings upon the head of the unknown preserver of their son.

And in time radiant and strong, their Philip came home to them—came home a bold and innocent man—fitted for the battle of life, came home knowing enough of life's vicissitudes, and prepared to appreciate its blessings.

And with Philip came a man of middle age—a strong, frank faced, handsome man with gray eyes, and curling hair. "Thus," said the son, when he had been released from the mother's raptured embrace, "is my preserver. Do you know him?"

The doctor looked and shook his head. He did not know.

But the little woman observed more keenly. Upon her the light broke overpoweringly.

"Is it he?" she whispered, putting forth her hands "is it James Ammerton?"

"Yes," said the man—a stranger now more. "I am James Ammerton! and I thank God who has given me an opportunity thus to show how gratefully I remember all your kindness to me, my mother than mother."

And he held her hands and pressed them to his lips, and blessed her again and again, telling her with streaming eyes, that she, of all the world, had lifted him up and saved him.

That evening Mrs. Walsh, sitting by her husband's side and holding one of his hands, said to him:

"Once upon a time, a pebble was kicked about in the waste of sand. A lapidary saw it, and when he had, brushed away the dirt from the surface, he applied his chisel, and broke through the crust, and beheld—a diamond pure and bright!"

**Statistics of the Presidency.**

The following is an analysis of the occupancy of the Presidential office from the organization of the Government under the Federal constitution to the end of Mr. Hayes' term, showing the length of service of the incumbents and the States of which they were residents:

It will be seen that the Eastern States elected three of their citizens to that high position, serving one term each. The Middle States elected two and one-half of a term by the demise of a Southern President. The Western States elected four, who, if death had not interposed, would have held the office twenty-four years, but by the decease of two early in the terms for which they were chosen a Virginian and a Tennessean received the period nearly eight years. The Southwestern States elected three, whose service, with nearly a full term by another inheritor, made over seventeen years.

The narrative which follows is taken without alteration from the record of the trial and the documents in connection with the case. No matter how strange it may appear, it is absolutely true as sworn to by witnesses whose words would have been believed in any Court of justice and in any community.

The scepter departed from the Southern States proper when Jackson, who was more of a Western than a Southern man, was elected, but it had its rule in the chief magistracy for more than thirty-six years—every incumbent being a Virginian!

The occupants of this house were a family named Cartrey, or, as some spelled it, Carteret. It consisted of father, mother, three daughters and one son. For many generations there had been but one son in the family—a fact which had caused many comments and became remarkable.

The estate of the Cartreys was large, the father having an income of over fifteen thousand pounds sterling, and the mother having one third as much in her right.

The estate was strictly entailed—that is, went entire to the next heir. Young Cartrey, popularly known as Jack, was a handsome, daring fellow of twenty-two, and his sisters were all younger. Jenny, the eldest, was nineteen, Dorothy was seventeen, and Mabel sixteen. They were all comely damsels, full of life and health, and well educated in accordance with the times.

On December 31, 1788, all the family were at home. They sat up in observance of an established custom to see the old year pass out and the new year in, and did not assemble at breakfast next morning until late hour. The youngest daughter was then absent. Time passed, and as she did not appear, and inquiry failed to disclose whereabouts, the family were aroused, and search was made, and she was

AT LAST FOUND DEAD

in the room of a chambermaid in the top story of the left wing of the dwelling. The maid, who was known as Betsy Taylor, was missing, and all search and inquiry failed to disclose whether she had gone. Mabel Cartrey bore evidences of having been outraged. In her left hand was a bell-rope, which had been severed with a powerful hand, the other part still dangling from the wire close to the ceiling. Her neck and body were torn, and the bed on which she lay was bloody and disordered. In those days the law was slow and feeble in its action compared to what it is now, and it was some time before the authorities moved in searching into the crime which had been committed.

It was found on medical investigation that she had evidently resisted the attack upon her to the last, and only succumbed when the grasp of the villain's hand on her throat deprived her of what consciousness she had.

But how came Mabel to the bedroom of the girl Taylor, and where was the latter? A vigorous search was made for her, but

NO TRACE COULD BE DISCOVERED.

That she was either implicated in the crime and had escaped, or had been removed as a damning witness against the offender, was evident. She had been in the employ of the Cartrey family for only three months, but had come so strongly recommended, and was so respectable and proper in her bearing, and so completely within, that she had speedily found

**BLINDING A WITNESS.**</

## THE IRON PEN.

Made from a letter of Bonnyard, the Prisoner of Chillon; the Handle of Wood from the Cleat of Gold; set with three precious stones from Siberia, Ceylon and Maine.]

I thought this pen would arise  
From the basket where it lies—  
Of itself would arise, and write  
My thanks, and my surprise.

When you gave it me under the pines,  
I dreamed these gems from the mines  
Of Siberia, Ceylon, and Maine  
Would gladden as thoughts in the lines;

That this iron link from the chain  
Of Bonnyard might retain

Some relic of Poet who sang

Of the prisoner and his son,

That this wood from the tree whose mast

Might write me a rhyme at last;

As it used to write on the mast,

The song of the sea and blast.

But motionless as I wait,

Lies a Bishop lying in state

Like the Pen, with its master of Gold,

And its jewels inviolate.

Then must I speak, and say

That the light of that summer day

In the garden under the pines

Shall not fade and pass away.

I shall see you standing there,

Caresed by the fragrant air,

With the shadow on your face

And the sunshine on your hair.

I shall hear the swallows low to me

Of a voice so far unknown,

Saying "This is from me to you—

From me, to you alone."

And in winter is not idly vain

I shall never thank you again

For the gift and the grace of the gift,

O beautiful Helen of Maine!

And forever this gift will be

A blessing from you to me,

As a drop of the dew of your youth

—H. A. H. —————— for December.

CONNOR.

A Pathetic Irish Story.

To the memory of Patrick Connor, this simple son was erected by his fellow workmen.

Those words, you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York, but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor, humble man.

In his shabby, fire-eaten and mud-tattered barges, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great iron and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with

"I've b' thould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his eyes from his account book.

"I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd leave—I wold that."

It was in Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he would never employ an unskilled workman.

Yet it attracted him. He turned his head, and with his pen behind his ear, he said to the man, who was only one of many who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

What makes you expect to learn fast than other folks—are you any smarter?"

"I'll not say that, but I'd be washin' to, and that wold make it a'us er."

"Are you used to the work?"

"I've done a bit of it."

"Mu' t'!"

"O, ye honor! I'll no lie, Tim O'Rourke, but the like o' this place, but I know a bit about ins."

"You ar' too old for an apprentice, and you don't know, I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and broad chest. "But, yes, I know your country, it's a good for nothing fellow, who never do thair best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hum before, and I won't have another."

"The Virgin will have to be asther bringin' the lorry o' it in her two arm's, then," said the man, desirably.

"For I've tramp'd all th' way for the last fortnight, and never a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke, he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?"

Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech, had turned upon his heel, but he turned back again.

"Just Nora and Jamesy."

"Who are they?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man. "O, master, just thry me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me job? I want to be arming, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them." He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said, "and now, as it is noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal.

Suspicious as he was of the new hand's

integrity and ability, he was agreeably

disappointed. Connor worked hard, and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker, but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one day,

"and ev'ry cent I spend puts off the bringin' of Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and fat, of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusements, or to share in their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked

fun, liked companionship; but he would

not delay that long-looked-for bringing

of Nora over, and was not "mane enough"

to accept favors of others. He kept his way, and martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any

extra job that he could earn a few shillings by, running errands in his noontide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope and of Nora and Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work of the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose wild Irish ways and verdancy were indeed laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and one day, mounting a work bench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes, and shouted: "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whoo-hoo!" I've got it at last!!" All felt sympathy in his and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations; and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a lodging house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he woke in the morning, he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him.

At first Connor could not believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and urged those about him to "quit joking and give it back."

At last he realized the truth.

"Is any man that bad that it is shaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" and some one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor."

"The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora was ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, Captain?"

"Many died—many children," went on the Captain. "When we were half way here our boy was taken sick."

"Jamesy!" gasped Connor.

"His mother watched him night and day," said the Captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than that could bear to have Nora and his child 'put,' as he expressed it, months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day, it seemed to all who saw him, that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed, from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay day set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer," and this and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and show his handkerchief in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child captain of ne'er-ing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually fails to the lot of man, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never been known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases, which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantelpiece. And there was Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and then died.—Exchange.

Pennsylvania Poets.

A correspondent of the Springfield Republican says: We have all known much concerning Bayard Taylor—he was long before the world, wrote much, and early became popular by his first prose book. His early poems also were pleasing, and I remember some of them that I first read in the Tribune more than thirty years ago. He labored at poetry for many years in original verses, in translations, and at last in an ambitious drama of the world's history, which came out just before the author's death. It was a serious, earnest work, and in it the author pushed his talent as far as it would go—but it still fell far short of genius. So we must say, too, of this collection of his shorter poems, which his friend Mr. Boker has edited, and his friend Stedman has commended in an elaborate review. There is much that is good in it, but nothing that is very good, and little that will be long remembered.

"A miss is as good as a mile"—and he who just misses the poetic prize is as far from it as he who has never contended. I do not expect to see fine poets produced in Pennsylvania.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Catarrhal Aromatic Balsom, 10c.

Price, 10c. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents, Boston, Mass.

Leaves Bismarck daily except Sundays at 8 a.m., arriving at Standing Rock in fifteen hours.

Leaves Standing Rock daily except Sunday at 4 a.m., arriving at Bismarck in fifteen hours.

For freight or passage apply to

GEO. PEOPLES & CO., Bismarck, D.T.

JNO. THOMSON & CO., Standing Rock, D.T.

154

Bristol, R.I., July 24, 1877.

10 YEARS A SUFFERER.

From Hon. Theo. P. Bogert, Bristol, R.I.

MESSRS. WEEKS & POTTER, Gentlemen:—Feeling

thoroughly convinced of the efficacy of

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH, I am induced to drop

you a line to say that although I have been sceptical of all the nostrums advertised as "radical cures" for catarrhal affections, I have now found such relief and ultimate cure as that of SANFORD'S

CATARRHAL AFFECTIONS,

Such as Sore, Weak, Infamed, Red, and Watery

Eye; Ulceration of the Head; Sore Throat; Elongated

Nerves of the Face; Headache; Dizziness; Giddiness;

Loss of Nervous Force; Depression of Spirits; &c.

are all carefully and scientifically treated with this radical cure according to directions which accompany each article, or will be mailed to any address on receipt of postage.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved

Catarrhal Aromatic Balsom, 10c.

Price, 10c. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail

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154

Bristol, R.I., July 24, 1877.

M. P. SLATTERY,

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

Groceries, Crockery, Flour,

AND FEED,

Corner 3d and Meigs Sts., BISMARCK, D.T.

J. H. MARSHALL,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

BOOTS AND SHOES.

FULL LINE OF GLOVES, HOSIERY, TRUNKS AND VALISES.

GENTS' CUSTOM MADE BOOTS A SPECIALTY.

# REGULAR LOCAL LAY

THE TRIBUNE REPORTERS ON THE RAMPAGE.

Six Days in the Western Metropolis or Fallen Leaves from a Traveler's Note Book—Bound in Paper, 10 Cents.

Mr. Coykendall declines to run for city clerk—don't want it.

Dr. Porter is having a new coat of paint put on his office, 37 Main street.

Dr. Porter has a fine little store built for rent next to Justus Bragg's, 28 Main street.

Kissing, it is said, may now be done by telephone; but it is sweeter and nicer to be nearer the subject.

The employees of the steamer Eclipse received eighty-five per cent of their last summer's wages by the recent sale of the boat.

Joseph Deitrich has on the way from St. Paul a new twelve passenger omnibus. Joe will do a rushing business this summer.

Dr. Bentley was called to Painted Woods Saturday night to attend Mrs. O. D. Myer. The boy and mother are both doing well.

Mrs. McMahon, of Mandan, gave birth a few days ago to a boy which kicks the beam at twelve pounds. He is said to be an unusually strong and lively little fellow.

Hubert, the "Melican," washes washes," is a hustler. He now has all the facilities for doing up nice curtains or anything else made from that delicate and valuable fabric.

The road between Bismarck and the binding is in very bad condition. There is no reason why it shouldn't be in good repair as it is the leading business thoroughfare of the city.

About forty carcasses of dead horses and mules were removed by Ed. Sloan this week. They were placed on the ice enough for Yankton, and went down with the break-up of the Missouri.

Fourth Street has been turned into a military camp. The recruits for the 7th and 2nd cavalry being unable to get to Lincoln on account of the river smash-up have made that street their rendezvous, occupying as quarters the old 7th cavalry saddle and the market adjoining the Bismarck Hotel.

Mr. E. Lee, who has been engaged in the tent and awning making business during the past six months, will soon close his business in this city. Persons desiring awnings should get them at once of loose a good opportunity, there being no one engaged in that business this side of St. Paul.

The Catholic Church was crowded Sunday afternoon to witness the marriage of Mr. Con Malloy, of the firm of Conroy & Malloy, and Miss Lizzie Ryan of this city. The ceremony was performed by Father Chrysostom, and was followed in the evening by a reception of their host of friends.

John Hoagland is putting up a building for Coroner John Quisen, on the Foster lot on Main Street, 24x80 feet. It will not be used as a coroner's office nor for secret meetings of the "committee of five," but in another room as fine a grocery house as there is in Bismarck will soon

up. Thurston Bros. will probably occupy it.

Mr. Henry Suttle has left at the TRIBUNE office some samples of the Triumph potato. They are perfect beauties. The original seed potatoes of this variety cost Mr. S. one dollar a pound, and from a bushel of them he raised last season one hundred and twenty-five bushels. See adt. in another column.

The annual school meeting will be held at the brick school house, Bismarck, Tuesday afternoon at 3 p. m. A board of directors will be elected and provision made for the public school for the ensuing year. The present officers are J. H. Marshall, director; J. P. Dunn, clerk, and W. S. Kenney, treasurer.

The man who winked at the Sheridan House waiter girl, and was asked if he had weak eyes, will not do so any more, as he has discovered that she carries a "pop" in her hip-pocket.

One of Roberts' brakemen on the second section of 21 had his hand severely crushed while coupling cars, Tuesday, and was brought back to this city for treatment.

Chas. Kupitz has an agent below-buying cattle for his market. Next fall he will fill his yard with a drove of Montana steers for the winter trade.

The new Northern Pacific switch engine is a beauty. She is just from the Baldwin shops, Philadelphia, and is of the latest improved pattern.

The break-up of the Missouri is always attended with cold snap. The last few days are an example. You can plant potatoes next week.

Joe Deitrich still prosters, and is building a large barn and stable for the accommodation of his increasing omnibus and dray stock.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Baker will celebrate the tenth anniversary of their wedded life Thursday evening next. Tin wed-

The Fargo Argus says N. K. Hubbard doesn't read that paper but they support him heartily for mayor all the same.

The trains are running regularly again according to schedule time. The night freight are also on time.

Dispatch to Lieut. Grimes: "Set 'em up to the boys." Signed, April 1st. In other words, April fool."

The new switch engine, No. 51, arrived Tuesday. It will be run by John Flynn.

Champion Hall is undergoing a thorough cleaning, kalsomining, etc.

Hite Stoyell declines to run for city clerk on the citizens' ticket.

J. H. Marshall positively declines to run for treasurer.

Stoyell's law office is nearing completion.

Dunn & Co., Druggists, 62 Main street.

**He Places His Last Pin.**

C. L. Wilcox, well known in this city, was killed at the end of the track yesterday. He was crushed between two cars when coupling.

**The Illustrated Edition.**

From the present outlook the publication of the special illustrated edition of THE TRIBUNE will be delayed until the 23d instant, on account of the engraving, which it will take some days yet to finish.

In the meantime a large amount of matter is being collected and will be boiled down for the occasion. The paper will contain just the information in relation to the country that is most to be desired by those looking to the West for homes or for investment. It will be a printed letter

DRY GOODS

to friends east, and will cover every point on which they desire information.

## WHY?

Why was Gurley's cuff found in the cellarway?

Why didn't Jim Taylor of Ft. Stevenson take the bet?

Why did not Taylor Davis meet John Smith in the Bad Lands?

Why does Charley Hurd wear a toothpick over his right ear?

Why don't you clean up your yard and remove the rubbish from in front of your store?

Why don't the city fathers declare some of the sidewalks in the city a nuisance?

Why didn't somebody see the soldier who took a hind quarter of mutton from Bragg's market yesterday?

Why don't the city improve the river road upon which Bismarck depends for much of its summer business?

Why don't some one put up a row of tenement houses? It is impossible to get a good, cozy house in the city.

Why did not Winston declare that Lieut. C. S. Gurley sent that black cat? and why did not said lieutenant deny it?

Why is it that Bismarck young men cannot be made to believe that the moon is made of green cheese? Because it is honeymoon to them.

## THE TWELFTH RE-UNION.

A large and jolly party turned out Tuesday evening to attend the twelfth reunion of the Ivy Club, given at Dr. Bentley's residence, Third street.

The hobgoblin appearance of the gay shadows as they flitted around to the tune of "Old Dan Tucker" was kept up until a late hour when word to unmash was given. Many were surprised to find on unmasking their dearest friend somebody else, and somebody else their dearest friend. The phantoms proved to the satisfaction of their friends that they were a class of ghosts more substantial than the denizens of the ethereal regions by partaking heartily of the refreshments provided by their kind host and hostess. The evening soon drew to a close, everything having passed off pleasantly. The next meeting will be held at Mr. Baker's residence, Front street, and as this will be the last gathering of the season, the club should have an en masse.

## COMBS, BRUSHES,

toilet articles, etc., at

HOLLEMBAEK'S.

**MISSSES' AND CHILDREN'S SHOES.**

At bottom prices at MARSHALL'S.

**LAMPS AND SHADES,**

at cost at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

**ANNOUNCEMENT.**

I hereby announce myself as an Independent Candidate for the office of City Justice, and ask the citizens of Bismarck, irrespective of party, for their support, promising a faithful performance of the duties of the office if elected.

DAVID STEWART.

Bismarck, March, 25th, 1880.

**PLAYING CARDS,**

stationary and blank books at

HOLLEMBAEK'S.

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic builds up all who have been reduced and weakened by sickness

## CLOTHING

**SUITS. SUITS. SUITS.**

Over Coats.

Over Coats.

Over Coats.

Made to Order at the

St. P. B. C. H.

## ATTORNEY

**Thos. Van Etten,**

**ATTORNEY AT LAW,**

**BISMARCK D. T.**

## JEWELERS

**E. L. Strauss & Bro.,**

**WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,**

**BISMARCK D. T.**

## Day & Plants,

Watchmakers and Jewelers.

Also dealers in all kinds of

SEWING MACHINES.

## DEATHS

HOLMSTAD.—At Fort Lincoln, D. T., at 4:40 p. m., March 27, 1880, after a protracted illness, Mr. Fred Holmsted of this city, aged 29 years.

Mr. Holmsted was buried at Fort A. Lincoln on Sunday, John G. Tritton conducting the usual ceremonies on behalf of the Odd Fellows order of which Mr. Holmsted was a worthy member.

Chaplain J. W. Jackson preached the funeral sermon, Maj. John Carland aiding as chaplain for the lodge.

The Bismarck Odd Fellows Lodge passed the following resolution at its meeting Tuesday evening:

**Resolved.** That the thanks of this lodge be tendered to Col. Tilford, commandant at Fort Lincoln, Dr. Wolverton, surgeon in charge of post hospital; Capt. Beach, Chaplain Walker, Adjutant Vennum, Hospital Steward Smith, Maj. John Carland and nurse Monett for their kind and unremitting attention to Bro. Fred Holmsted of this lodge during his last illness.

**Readers.**—A small newspaper publication, under the seal of the lodge, will be forwarded to each of the persons named above and that a copy be furnished the Bismarck Tribune for publication.

MACNIDER.—Anne, twin daughter of Robert and Eliza Macnider, aged two years and ten days, departed this life March 27, 1880 at 6 p. m. The funeral was conducted from the residence of Mr. Macnider, No. 16 Main street, at 10 a. m., March 29th; sermon at the Presbyterian church by Rev. W. C. Stevens. The pall bearers were Henry A. Hollembaeck, Henry Blakely, W. C. Snodgrass and I. B. Merrell. The funeral was very largely attended, several business houses being closed on the occasion, an indication of the very high esteem in which the afflicted family is held. Little Anna's death resulted from a fall a few weeks ago which produced brain fever from which she died. Mr. and Mrs. Macnider desire to return heartfelt thanks to the many friends who so kindly came to their relief during their child's illness.

## Just Received

A large invoice of very fine apples, Valencia oranges and Messina lemons.

At KUPITZ'

## For Catarrh

Marshall's prepared Cubeb cigarettes, at

DUNN'S.

## The Only Place,

If you looking for a place to get a tenderloin or porterhouse steak, remember Forster's restaurant

Reed's Gilt Edge Tonic is a mild corrective, and its purity and flavor are guaranteed.

## Seeds

Fresh Flower and Garden Seeds, at

DUNN'S.

## Pipes, Meerschaums

and Briar Root at

HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Forster's, Forster's, Forster's.

is the place to go for your day board

Liebig's Food

for infants, at

DUNN'S.

## Am Now Receiving

Weekly a carload of choice stall-fed cattle, also

constantly on hand fresh veal, mutton and pork.

KUPITZ'

## CIGARS AND PLUG TOBACCO

at wholesale at HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Use the Improved

Cubeb Cigarettes for Catarrh, sold at

HOLLEMBAEK'S.

## Rubber Boots.

Of all sizes for men, at

MARSHALL'S.

## Perfumes

and Toilet Articles, a fine assortment, at

DUNN'S.

## TONIC

REED'S

GILT EDGE

TONIC

—A—

## THOROUGH REMEDY

for disorders of the stomach, torpidity of the liver, indigestion and disturbance of the animal forces who have been caused by the use of alcohol, tobacco and its substitutes.